

# THE COLUMBIA HERALD.

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## NEWS AND COMMENT.

### THE WAR NEWS.

Owing to President McKinley's vacillation, and Czar Reed's bossism, the unfortunate reconcentrados of Cuba are still starving and their sympathizers in this country are still being denied the opportunity to show their humanity and patriotism. McKinley and his lieutenants, who last week promised to Congress and the country a ringing message on Monday for Cuban independence, wilfully broke faith, and, as their subsequent acts showed, were simply playing for time, in order that the money power of the world and the Administration cuckoo might flood the country with telegrams and cablegrams looking to a settlement on a "peace at any price" basis.

At least this is the situation at 12 o'clock on Wednesday. Much speculation and talk had been indulged in, but nothing of any material importance had been done since our last report up to the hour above mentioned.

However, the President's oft deferred message was hourly expected, and it was said that Congress would consent to no further temporizing. The Republican majority in Congress, however, is so completely owned by the money power, so subservient to the administration, so covered by Speaker Reed, that their threats of revolt—like the President's promises—are daily being more and more discounted by the country.

This is the situation at noon on Wednesday, when this page goes to press. What may have developed between that hour and Thursday night (when our last forms go to press) may be found on the fourth page. Hoping—rather than expecting—that something may be done for Cuba's relief, we have reserved space on the inside for the latest news.

THERE was considerable snow in Texas Monday.

THERE was a snow and sleet storm in Washington City Tuesday.

THE recent extra session of the Tennessee Legislature cost \$20,436.40.

INDICATIONS point to a settlement of the Cotton Mills strike in New England next Monday.

IN the event of war with Spain, it is stated on high authority that France will be neutral.

SNOW fell in Hickman county Tuesday morning, and the fruit crop is partly if not altogether killed.

ALICE MITCHELL, the murderess of Freda Ward, died last Thursday in the insane asylum at Bolivar.

MICHIGAN will probably appropriate \$500,000 for war purposes, and will also increase the militia companies to 150.

THE Populists of Williamson county met last Monday and passed a resolution against fusion with any party or parties.

DR. W. SCOTT and John J. Hughes, both citizens of Little Rock, Ark., fought with revolvers Sunday and both were fatally wounded.

A SENSATION has been created in Pekin by a report which has been circulated that the entire Foreign Office was bribed by Russia in the recent transaction, and Li Hung Chang is said to have received 7,500,000 taels.

THE County Court of Dickson county has authorized an election to be held Sept. 1, 1898, to ascertain the wishes of the voters of that county in regard to the moving of the county seat from Charlotte to Dickson.

THE municipal election at Brownsville, Texas, Tuesday, resulted in the killing of two men, the lynching of the man who did the killing, and the wounding of two other persons.

THE pants factory and woolen mills of the Peacher Mills Company, near Clarksville, were burned Tuesday morning. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss is \$15,000; insurance, \$10,000.

## A SERMON ON TEMPERANCE.

Delivered by Rev. George R. Stuart,

COWORKER OF REV. SAM P. JONES,

At the recent Jones' Meeting in the Tabernacle at Nashville.—A Fearful Arrangement of the Liquor Traffic.

At the recent Jones' meeting in the Tabernacle at Nashville, Rev. George R. Stuart, co-worker of Sam Jones, delivered the following sermon on "Temperance," which is regarded by many as one of the strongest presentations of the subject now extant. Owing to the length of the sermon, it will have to be given in three weekly installments:

I hold in my hand the Word of God, and it is the source of the wisdom of God on all subjects; moral, social, business, and political. I shall take from this book to-night the statements of God concerning our nation. Two thousand years before the United States was discovered, before our nation was born, the great God made the statements of my text. Will you hear it? I read from the second chapter of Habakkuk, verses 12, 15, 16, and 17: "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity! . . . Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth his bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also. . . . The cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory. For the violence of Lebanon shall cover thee, and the spoil of beasts, which made them afraid, because of men's blood, and for the violence of the land, of the city, and of all that dwell therein."

Many people think it wrong to lie because God said: "Thou shalt not lie." A great many people think it wrong to steal because God has said: "Thou shalt not steal." All Bible truth runs parallel with the existence of God. It has always been wrong to lie. It has always been wrong to steal. Woe and sorrow do not come upon a people who build their towns with blood and give their neighbor drink because God says, "Woe unto them;" but it is the warning of God because the all-wise Being knew what would be the legitimate fruit of such doings. Woe and sorrow come naturally from the liquor traffic, like fruit grows on a tree. Two thousand years since God spoke these awful truths it turns out that every city in the United States has laid her pavements in the blood of her people, and that the United States has put her stamp upon her liquor-bottles, and pressed it to her neighbor's lips. And to-day God Almighty's truth is verified upon us, and woe and sorrow are upon us. If I should name the things that are most hurtful to American peace, happiness, and prosperity, and trace them back to their legitimate sources, I would locate them in the liquor-barrels and beer-kegs of America.

What are the troubles that threaten us to-day? Says one, the spirit of anarchy; now so prominently mentioned in the press of our nation. Only a short time ago, this spirit was so dominant in the city of Chicago that three hundred armed policemen were called upon to dispel the meetings of anarchists, and every time they were round assembled in the upper rooms of the saloon. And that spirit is born in the saloon. Another great trouble in our country is our strikes and mobs, and when they become uncontrollable in any city the first thing the mayor does is to order every saloon closed. He goes to the fountain from which the mob springs, and the only hope for life and safety is to stop the fountain. Again, we look to-day in the face of the most heinous and wicked corruption in our political life, and every man knows that the infernal liquor business is back of all the political corruption, corrupting our officials and subsidizing our American ballot. The significant fact of closing the saloons on election day shows how dangerous they are, but why tie the mad dog after he is bitten? It is folly to talk of a free ballot and a fair count, when the brewers and distillers of the United States have throttled the country, and literally bought our political leaders. [Applause.] [Sam Jones: "I want you reporters to put down that cheering."]

Again, a wail of woe, sad and pathetic, comes up from the poverty-stricken common people of our country. Never, since the time when that little vessel landed on the American shores, has there been such poverty and distress among the common people of our country. Ninety per cent of this poverty is traceable to the liquor traffic.

Again, a wail of woe comes up from the widowhood and orphanage of our land. These widows and orphans are the legitimate work of the barroom, to say nothing of the husbands and fathers murdered and ruined by the liquor traffic. Ninety per cent of the divorces of America are traceable to the saloon. It is unnecessary to recount the sorrow, woe, poverty, beggary, misery, distress, and bloodshed that have been the topics of the temperance speeches for the past century. It is need-

less to answer the question: "Who bath sorrow? who hath woe? who hath redness of eyes?" Surely we look to-day upon the awful fulfillment of the words of God Almighty in my text. Woe unto the nation that buildeth her towns with blood, and that giveth her neighbor drink. The American people have never looked upon such a period in her history. Nothing but this monumental crime and the curse of God Almighty could bring us into such a condition, amid our fertile fields and waving harvests. Think of the wonderful resources of America; think of her brain and her brawn, and then think of her poverty. There seems to be no Moses to lead us forth.

I walk up to Col. Politics, whose blatant voice is heard throughout the land, and I ask him what is the matter with our country. Without looking up to his God or consulting his Bible he answers: "It is the agitation of the silver question that is ruining this country." "That," says he, "is the momentous question of the age. That settled satisfactorily, prosperity will smile upon us." Let us see if that is the question. Do you know how much silver there is in the United States? If I had on this platform every sick dime and quarter and half-dollar and dollar in the United States, do you know what it would make? A little over six hundred million dollars. How much gold coin have we? If you had every dollar dug up out of the banks and taken out of the hands of monopolists, and put into a pile, there would be a little over six hundred million dollars. Put all the silver money in the United States and all the gold money in the United States here in one pile, and what would it all make? A little over twelve hundred million dollars. Our drink bill for 1895 was more than twelve hundred million dollars. We can pick up the whole bulk of our gold and silver coin, and chug it into a hole, and still the country moves on, and Col. Politics would have us believe that if we shake the financial question a little the whole country will go to pieces. Yet, I say, we can throw away every dollar of coin in the United States every year for liquor, and Col. Politics doesn't consider the question worth discussing. Do you know why? Because the brewers and distillers of this country, into whose hands this twelve hundred million dollars go, have bought our politicians like hogs are sold in the market, and have stopped their mouths, and hushed their voices; but thank God there are some mouths not yet on the market! [Applause.]

Again, I say, what is the matter with the country, Col. Politics? The answer comes back: "The tariff question properly settled will bring prosperity." Come with me to the custom-houses of America, and write down every import into the United States at its ad valorem value, to say nothing of tax, and the whole business will not pay our liquor bill for the year. What is the matter with the country, Col. Politics? The answer comes back: "Settle the national bank question properly, and we shall have prosperity." I will go to the city of New Orleans and get every national bank in the city; I will go to New York and get every national bank; to Boston and get every national bank; to Chicago and get every national bank; to San Francisco and get every national bank in the United States, not leaving out one, and pile them down in one pile, every dollar of national bank stock in the United States, and the whole business will not pay our liquor bill for one year. All the national banks in the United States do not aggregate twelve hundred millions of dollars. When a few banks break in New York and a few in Chicago and a few in New Orleans, the whole country becomes alarmed; yet we can throw our arms around every national bank in the United States, and chug them into the whisky hole, and still the country lives. How can we live? Nothing but the almost infinite resources of America could have kept us from starvation during the past. But at last drink has blocked up the channels through which our resources flow, and our wheat and flour rot in the warehouses for want of a market, and the women crying for bread. [Applause.] I make no apology for dealing in the economics of this question to-night. When my Saviour, touched by the needs of the people, wrought miracles to alleviate the pain and the suffering, and multiplied loaves and fishes to feed the hungry, I make no apology for discussing the bread question. I believe in a practical Christianity that carries a Bible in one hand and a bread-basket in the other.

What is pure and undefiled religion? "Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unstained from the world." The way to visit the widow and the orphan is to come in time to help. Suppose as I pass down the street to-night, Brother Jones walking by my side, a man should rush up and draw a keen-bladed knife and stab me three or four times. After seeing me fall on the street, Brother Jones runs up and says to me: "Here, George, you can bleed on my silk handkerchief. Is there anything I can do for you? I will stay with you to-night and give you anything I have." I would reply: "Nothing now, nothing now. You came to late. When the blade of that knife glistened above me you ought to have caught the arm and stopped the knife." The infernal liquor traffic has its knife, crimsoned with the blood of millions,

(Continued to Sixth Page.)

## NO HELP FROM BANKERS

Will not Supply Spain with Sinews of War.

END OF CUBA'S WOES IN SIGHT.

Walter Wellman Predicts the Speedy Settlement of Our Quarrel With Spain.—The Influence of Spain's Bondholders Is All Against War.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—It looks now as if an end to the woes of poor Cuba might be reached in a very short time, perhaps in 60 days. The great nations of Europe are taking a hand in the affair. Not openly, not by means of ultimatum or notes which form records, but by the secret and insidious and powerful means of diplomatic intercourse. Europe wants no war between Spain and the United States. The reason is obvious, though containing many phases. The first and most important of these is that after Spain has waged war upon the United States, and lost, as she surely will lose if she tries it, Spain will be in the throes of a revolution. I have heretofore pointed out this fact to the readers of these dispatches. It is emphasized by the attitude of foreign governments during the last week. If Spain makes war and loses, with the bitterness and desperation of defeat will come an upheaval of the whole social and political fabric of that kingdom. More likely than not a republic will succeed the empire, and this sort of an upheaval is precisely the object lesson which no European nation wants to have afforded its own people.

Europe's interest in maintaining peace between America and Spain is keen. There is, in addition to the consideration just stated, the commercial point of view. No one can foresee what disarrangement of commerce will come if war breaks out. Besides, once let slip the dogs of war between the United States and Spain, once reddened the seas with blood, and the statesman does not live who is farsighted enough to see the outcome. The peace of the whole world might be broken. Then there is the money stake. Hundreds of millions of Spanish bonds are held by bankers and their clients in France, England, Germany and other nations. The French are believed to be the heaviest holders of Cuban securities. War between Spain and America means virtual forfeiture of all these loans. Spain would not only lose Cuba, but she would probably go to pieces herself. She could not pay, and Cuba would not.

Bankers Cry Halt.

At the foot of every throne in Europe sits a banker. In every European cabinet great banking houses have their representatives. They are often able to formulate policies, they are always able to mold them one way or another. The bankers are against war, and they have issued their command that there must be peace. If Spain breaks the peace, she does so at her peril. She can effect no war loan. The bankers have gone as far as they will go. They will not give Spain money with which to ruin herself. The very best they could hope for in case of a disastrous Spanish American war would be a pittance of 5 or 10 cents on the dollar. For this reason peace is imperative, unless Spain loses her head, unless her statesmen become so wild and vicious that they are willing to plunge their country into the very crater of bankruptcy, ruin, failure, humiliation, anarchy, revolution. In the opinion of the best informed men here in Washington they will not do it.

The best barometer of war or peace is the quotation of Spanish bonds in the European markets. When Spanish bonds decline, the situation is growing more serious. When they are steady, no new dangers threaten. When they are up, difficulties are disappearing. Perhaps the house of Rothschild has more to say about deciding the question of war or peace than Prime Minister Sagasta himself. The Rothschilds not only know what is going on in the most secret councils of the Madrid government, but they are able to issue their ultimatums as to what shall or shall not be done. Moreover, they know how to pull the wires that set the governments of France and England in motion, and to produce diplomatic pressure upon Spain to keep the peace. This, according to information received here of an apparently trustworthy character, is precisely what has happened.

I do not mean to say that the bankers of Paris and London are able absolutely to control the question of war or peace, but they will come very near it. An extraordinary situation, an accident, the firing of a gun by a hot-headed officer, might bring on war without the desire or the intention of either government. But such causes aside, I find the best balanced and more thoroughly informed public men of Washington convinced that there will be no war.

Our Policy.

They say the United States desires only that which is right and proper. It is not the intention of the United States to seek Cuba for itself. It is not a selfish policy that controls this government. We are led to intervention solely for the purpose of saving thousands upon thousands of human lives, to relieve the world of a

plague spot, to rid ourselves of an annoyance that has become intolerable. The world looks on and approves. It sympathizes with our efforts as it applauds the patience which we have shown in the past. The greater the crisis the more restraint is put upon Spain by the governments of the old world, the more the bondholders, both directly and speaking through the governments they are able to influence, point the finger of warning at Spain and command her not to break the peace.

Spain is to-day the most harassed and unfortunate country on the face of the earth. Poor China's lot is enviable compared to hers, for the Chinese are a people without the keen pride and sense of honor which mark the Spanish people. Yet Spain is falling almost as low as China and becoming a ward of civilization. She is virtually in chancery to day, being guided by self-appointed friends and by creditors who are anxious to save her from herself. She has not reached that state of helplessness in which the powers openly interfere with her independence and seize her territory and command her to do this or that, but this stage will come if she goes to war with America. She will become a derelict or fall in fragments. For all these reasons it is pretty safe to conclude the chances of war between Spain and the United States are only as two in ten, and that whatever else happens Cuba is sure to escape from the clutches of Spain. That Cuba will gain her independence, or something equivalent to it, is almost certainly written in the book of fates.

## LIKE RATS IN A TRAP.

Levee at Shawneetown, Ill., Gives Way Without Warning,

And Within a Few Minutes Time One Hundred Souls are Rushed Into Eternity.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., April 4.—The levee at Shawneetown, Ill., broke last evening, and the entire town is flooded from twenty to thirty feet.

Shawneetown is seventy-five miles below Evansville, on the Ohio River. It is situated in a valley of extremely low land, with hills skirting it in the rear, and with a twenty-five foot levee in front, running from hill to hill. The town is very much in the position of a fortified city, and when the levee gave way a mile above town under the pressure of the very high river, the water shot through a twenty-foot opening and struck the place like a hurricane, sweeping everything before it. Evansville sent two steamboats with food and blankets to the scene. The loss of life is estimated at something like one hundred.

The disaster came when the great majority of the people were in their homes eating supper.

The break in the levee occurred a mile above the town, and was within ten minutes more than half a mile wide. A stream of water twelve to twenty feet deep, carrying half of the current of the flood-risen Ohio, descended on the unsuspecting people.

It came down in a great rush like a tidal wave. There was no slow rising of the waters to give warning. The houses on the outskirts were lifted up and rolled over and over. Most of them were torn into splinters. Their inhabitants were drowned in them.

Nearer the centre of the town some brick structures stopped the onrush of the water for a few minutes, but about two-thirds of the dwellings were lifted from their foundations and floated, carrying them into the current of the river.

After a few minutes the horror of the situation was added to by the catching fire of a large house that had started down stream with the others. The people on the roofs were already in danger of being thrown off by collision with other floating houses, but the appearance of this floating firebrand added horror. As it struck one house after another in its zig-zag course some caught fire and their unfortunate occupants were compelled to intrust themselves to the mercy of the swirling water on pieces of wood to avoid a more terrible death by fire. The break in the levee flooded four miles of the valley land and cut off communication on two railroads, the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern, and the Louisville & Nashville.

## SANCTUM SENTIMENTS.

Col. Tom Neal, editor of the Dyersburg Gazette, once said that an editor had no business running for office now; that it wasn't his business to be great, but to make other folks great.—Bristol Courier.

An exchange inquires: "If Miss Ourl should borrow Mississippi's New Jersey, what would Dela Ware?" "I ask'er. (Alaska.)—Chatanooga News.

The attitude of the United States toward Spain recalls the order of the Judge to M'less, who was standing up and talking in court. "Sit down, M'less," said the Judge. "I won't," said M'less. "Then stand up," said the Judge. "I will be obeyed,"—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

If it were not for the fact that the Spaniards can not read we might clean them out of Cuba by firing an edition or two of the yellow journals at them.—Courier-Journal.

If you want the news, **Herald.** Subscriber for the

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



## BRANN KILLED.

The Editor of the "Iconoclast" Meets His Death in a Duel.

WACO, TEX., April 1.—In the midst of busy preparations for city election meetings, while bonds were playing and scattering hand-bills from their decorated vans, calling the people together, W. C. Brann, editor of the Iconoclast, and Capt. M. T. Davis, met and fought a revolver duel to the death. The combatants met just at 6 o'clock this afternoon on South Fourth street, and after exchanging a few words, both began emptying their revolvers into each other's bodies. When the battle was over Brann was found to be perforated in the left lung, the left thigh and the right foot. Davis was shot through the right lung and through both of his arms.

The difficulty between the two men grew out of the Brann-Baylor feud of last year. Capt. Davis' daughter, a pupil of Baylor University and the references made in the Iconoclast to Baylor, which were generally construed to mean reflections on the moral character of the pupils and faculty, brought fourth from Capt. Davis a denunciation of Brann delivered in language most forcible and direct.

This afternoon Brann and his business manager, W. H. Ward, were opposite the steel from the Cotton Belt office and were seen crossing the street together going in the direction of French's book store. Capt. Davis' office being between the book store and the Cotton Belt office. When Brann and Ward reached the front of the book store, Capt. Davis was in front of his office. The words that passed between them were terms of reproach, and they lost no time in getting out their weapons.

About ten seconds were occupied in the shooting, at the end of which Brann and Davis lay bleeding and W. H. Ward, Brann's business manager, was shot through the right hand, the bones being shattered.

Brann and Davis are both dead.

Garwood's Sarsaparilla—for the blood—guaranteed to cure. A. B. RAINS

## MUSTARD SEED.

Money is itself a clean thing, but a great many dirty men handle it. An honest man never knowingly employs a rascal to do business for him.

The frivolities of fashionable life are on the border land of immorality.

If you want employment, you must go where there is something to do.

If you desire to rise above other men, do your work better than other men.

A well-governed temper is one of the principal characteristics of business talent.

Men who have failed to control themselves will not succeed in controlling others.

If you aspire to high position, you must be prepared for great labor and strong opposition.

Praise yourself, and others will curse you; praise others, and they will praise you. Men are generally good for their debts.

Some people's mouths are always set for a snarl, and are easy on trigger. Be sure to keep to the rear of such an one, for she's loaded.

Keep the mind alive, if you wish to keep the body alive. If you are old, and sit in the chimney corner thinking of death, you will die.

Speculation is usually not carried very far till the word drops the "s." The crooked letter disappears just as crooked practices begin.—Holston Methodist.

# SALT RHEUM

Most torturing and disgusting of itching, burning, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, when all else fails.

# Cuticura

To feel throughout the world, wherever there are Cures, Cuticura, Resolvent, and Cuticura Soap, are sold by Druggists and Chemists.

A little boy asked for a bottle of "get up in the morning as fast as you can," the druggist recognized a household name for "DeWitt's Little Early Risers," and gave him a bottle of those famous little pills for constipation, sick head, ache, liver and stomach troubles. A. B. RAINS.